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Vol. 25 Issue 2

Auburn's General Interest Magazine

Winter 1999

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twenty-fifth anniversary edition



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FRIENDSHIP, I've learned, is an essential part of human existence, especially to us college students. We are at the pinnacles of our young lives, growing in this primordial soup of Auburn University to transform ourselves into the responsible adults the world (and our parents) would have us to become. We are being shaped and molded by the people around us, and our friends help us get through this vital phase alive, and sane.

"True friends," as the greeting card says, "warm you with their presence, trust you with their secrets, remember you in their prayers." Friends are such a rich, multi-faceted blessing to our lives. They give us love, laughter, encouragement, a wall to bounce ideas off of, a shoulder to cry on, and advice that we don't want, but often need. But sometimes we forget them in our busy schedules. We get so caught up in our own circles of existence that we tend to not remember them as much as we should, to not build upon our old friendships that make us who we are, and to not suck in our apprehension to reach out and make new ones. We need to let our friends know how much they truly mean to us, that we need them in our lives, that we need their support and care, that we need their corny jokes, that we need the fighting sometimes, that we need their love . . . and that we need twenty bucks back from some of them.

I thank God for all of my friends, and, sure, I will miss them when we must spread our little fledgling wings and fly out into this world. But some part of our friends never quite leaves us, and it's this part that we must cling to until we land on the same branch again.

Notes on the issue:

Well, things of course, did not go as smoothly as I had planned for *The Auburn Circle* this quarter, but then again, do they ever? But somehow, through our panic attacks, homicidal tendencies, and irreconcilable schedules (not to mention all of the cheese doodles, candy bars, and sodas) we all came together for a brief period and managed to pay homage to the twenty-fifth anniversary of *The Auburn Circle* with this issue -- and still, by the Grace of God, maintain our most of our sanity.

I want to commend you all on a job well done. You are all great and still getting better! I also want to mention a congratulations to our previous Associate Editor Nia Denham, who became a new mommy on November 12, 1998 to a bouncing baby boy, Logan "Little" Blue Denham. We are so happy for you guys and wish you the best! And to the Auburn Chamber of Commerce and the Opelika Chamber of Commerce, whom I failed to mention in the last issue, thanks you guys for all of your help too!

Smiles and Prayers,
Lorie Grimes -Editor

The Auburn Circle accepts work from students, staff, alumni, and supporters of the publication and University. Prose, poetry, essays, and articles should be typed. *The Auburn Circle* has access to IBM and Macintosh computers. All art work should be submitted as a 5x7 photograph, color or black and white. Slides are acceptable as well. Submissions will not be returned unless otherwise worked out with the Editor.

The Auburn Circle is a community publication financed through Student Activity fees. The views expressed throughout this issue are those of the authors, not necessarily of the Editor, the Board of Student Communications, or those of *The Auburn Circle* Editorial Board and Staff. Send all letters to the editor and submissions to :

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Flashback Feature- 1949
The Auburn Review

A Confederate Writer

by Robert Partin

*We were digging in the library one night, looking for the history of The Circle for this anniversary issue, when we came across our original parent magazine, titled The Auburn Review. We had problems discerning the exact details of The Review, but we do know that there are only two issues under protective surveillance in the Ralph B. Draughon Library now, and that the Review contained the same basic elements of The Circle- art, literature, and poetry, and served Auburn much the same as The Circle does today. We chose this work to give you a sample from the magazine of which our beloved Circle has evolved (and because it was a romantic correspondence between a soldier and his wife, for all of you Valentine's Day freaks out there!) So we present to you, from the 1949 Spring Issue of The Auburn Review, vol. 1, no. 2, **A Confederate Writer** by Robert Partin.*

The Auburn Review (TAR) is proud to present some of the first published selections from the letters of Talbert Holt, a Confederate soldier of Clarke County, Alabama. Written to Holt's wife, Carrie, during his service from 1861-1864, these hundreds of letters are to be edited and published by Auburn's Dr. Robert Partin, Professor of History.

Dr. Partin was struck by Holt's remarks about the art and the necessity of the craft of writing, and the present selection is made from that point of view. Holt wrote from needs as various and universal as duty, hunger, loneliness, love. In assessing, as he did, the value of his own writing, he of course could not perceive the new value we find nearly a century later-reading not about history but in it and of it.--Editor

One month after leaving Carrie, Holt wrote: "The first duty that I know is to write to you that you may see that I am safe and well." and later: "You get letters from me so often, with the same matter, that I reckon they are not interesting to you...I could not write this letter, but you might think me negligent of my duty toward you..."

Later: "No one writes without reasons for doing so and although only a day has passed since I wrote you. Yet I have reasons for writing you again. The first & greatest reason is I love you"

May 16, 1862: "Carrie, it is needless to disguise the fact, the Government feeds us so that we are always half starving...Don't let the old folks know that we are suffering by any means. But tell Jim to get up what eggs and other things he can get and carry them to Albert Dumas and get him to ship them to me and I will pay him well for them when I get a chance."

May 23, 1862: "You ask me to pardon your neglect in writing to me! Well, I suppose I must do so. But when I think of the days & nights of painful suspense occasioned by absence of letters, I cannot help but think you did not do me exactly right. I had supposed that it

was [... my fault] why I didn't get letters. Well, women are a kind of enigma anyway..."

January 4, 1863: "Now for the scolding, it is this, you sealed your letter, with I know not what, but anyway it came open and God only knows who read it..."

"But let me praise you for a few things...for the constancy displayed, the fortitude shown, the virtue acknowledged, and the Christianity refined...For love as stupendous as the mountains, as deep as eternity, and as high as the heavens...for virtue for sending him a beaver hat, a jug of honey, a coat, a ham of pork, a pair of drawers, and for many long, sweet letters. Also for "loving him who has such poor chances & words to return it in."

She will be sent home, soon,

Of the war: "We are expecting a fight daily. They commenced fighting at Fort Sumter at four o'clock. So the war has begun."

"There has been a big fight on the Pappahannock in Virginia. Stonewall Jackson's left arm is shot off close to his shoulder...We have whipped them again."

"There is a woman in the guard House at Wartrace who fought through the battle of Murfreesboro & Parryville. She was dressed like a man and is still. She and the other prisoners play cards together just as if she was another man. She will be sent home, soon, what do you think of her?"

"A very affecting scene occurred here yesterday. A mother & grandmother came to see their son & found him in stocks. You may be sure I felt awful on account of it."

"A spy was captured while attempting to carry news to the Yankees. He was taken & I supposed will be shot this morning at 9 o'clock. I went to look at him, the poor fellow walks the guard house, all the while the deepest misery depicted in his countenance. Carrie, when I thought that this man might have a sweet baby like my own & then thought of his feelings it like to have knocked me down..."

Again personally: "You take good care of yourself, the prudent & not expose yourself to bad weather or dangers of any kind... Carrie, Lafitte will give you seven or eight novelettes which you hand over to Sister Joe as as you finish reading them. Be careful, Carrie, not to read them too intently nor look at them as facts, this would ruin you."

Worried about the possible death of his daughter: "So train your mind, that you may bear any loss of this kind with reasonable grief. I would not have you always looking for it, but welcome it as part of God's providence when it does come."

May 17, 1861: "It seems to me that if it were not for the

liberty I have of writing you, that I should grow weary & die." The next November: "I've got no news to write you, but it satisfies and calms me, while I am writing to you or about you."

More imaginatively, sometimes: "...again we are near the base of that stupendous and magnificent range of mountains, called the Cumberland! Between one of theses mountain ranges rises a beautiful stream called Duck River on the banks of which little Dutch Queen... On the banks of this to-be classic stream grows wide spread druidical oaks, Sycamores, Beech & c. underdressed with tall grass & clover, on the opposite bank is a weird looking dwelling all lonely, as if some ghost or departed spirit had there taken up its abode, near it stand a few apple trees of immense size, which spread their branches tenderly over the decaying roof."

January 30, 1862: "But now the muses incite me to another picture, shall I tell it to you? Well, last night I was on guard on post No. 16. Just as the clock struck the hour of 2 and while looking in the direction of the enemy, I saw a long semicircular ring of fire shoot forth as from the bosom of the sea, instantly a shower of iron balls fell thick as hail upon the fort, the alarm was sounded & on every side nothing was heard by the hoarse notes of command the tramp of marching columns. The fire from the enemy's vessels continued to rain down shot on the head of the devoted columns. Our batteries sent forth their line of smoke, fire balls and death in return. Soon our walls were covered with our dead & dying soldiers, here lay an arm, there lay a head, & there a body so mangled as to be unknown, our feet would slip from under us upon the wall which was literally streaming with blood. Col. Maury was killed while exhorting his men to do their duty. Sam J. & Phil W. were killed, Lafitte was dreadfully wounded, the bravest & best of men were killed, the battle increased in fury, death stared me in the face, and like a coward I ran away, but not till I awoke to find it nothing but a dream! I reckon you will want to chastise me again, do you, well honey I don't care if you do. I am always telling you some big yarn."

Yet it is not a "big yarn": that Holt actually was killed on picket duty, on February 24, 1864, near Dalton, Georgia. Ten days before he died he gave Carrie one of the important reasons why he and the rest of us go on writing: "I write simply for my gratification and for your improvement."



Somebody Else's Window

By Melissa Roth

You're walking down the street. It's night, and very dark, the street lit only by the intermittent flickering of the light-poles casting blotchy shadows on the cracked, weedy sidewalk. The immediate presence is silent, but you can hear the distant noise of the Quarter, sound caught somewhere between a rumble and a hum, and slashed here and there by a crazy-warm strain of jazz. It's very late, and you are very drunk, and the air is like steel wool, damp and scathing, under your skin. And here you are, alone and wandering around this mad-house of a city, wondering what the hell to do with your life.

Things aren't so good with you lately. You're twenty-four and married to a woman who lets your kid run around the house with a sagging diaper and a snotty nose, the bills are a month late, and your nails are always caked with grease from working at the cheap garage around the corner. You used to have dreams, big dreams, but you're starting to see that dreams don't get you anywhere but still washed-up, only just a little more sure of it.

So here you are, stumbling along somebody else's street at two a.m., drunk, worn-out, and a little lost, with no idea where you'll be in the morning, or next week, next month, next year. You wonder what's the point.

And then something stops you. You're not sure what it is, at first, just a sound, a flash that breaks through the haze and forces your feet to stop sliding and snagging over the broken concrete.

You're standing in a rectangle of light falling out of somebody's open window, and you look up and see a mirror, the corner of a sofa, the branch of a fig tree, in the little space outlined by the shining frame on the second story of a blue wooden house. You hear the ragged jangle of Janis Joplin mixing with a young voice chorusing in on "Me and Bobby McGee," and you see a leg slung out over the windowsill.

The leg is long and brown, and obviously belongs to someone very young and very lean. The toes are tipped with bright droplets of red, and the ankle is encircled with a thin band of jingling silver beads. The leg bumps against the windowsill in time to the music, and the beads dance and shimmer in the light. You stand there for what seems like a very long time, with the leg and the voices and the bouncing rhythm of those beads blending into an engulfing cacophony of sensation that catches you and holds you and washes over you in long, slow, waves. You wonder what's past that knee, what fills the room behind the tantalizing shadowbox of the open window.

You start to imagine that the leg draws back, and a head of long brown hair appears in its place, calling to you to come up. You climb the stairs on the back of the building, open the door and walk

into the room filled with soft yellow light, and Janis, and young voices.

There are three girls there. It's hot, and there's a little white fan in the center of the room, blowing their hair as it turns in slow, humming circles. Two are blonde, and then there's the brunette, the leg that stopped you, dangling 20 feet off the ground. They smile at you, and the blonde sitting in the floor, the one leaning over her knee painting her toenails bright pink, she glitters brighter, and asks for your name.

you want to stay there forever...

You open your mouth to say "Nelson D. Rockefeller" or "Donald Trump," but the alcohol is working faster than your brain, and so you just say "Jonas" before you can stop yourself.

"I'm Julia," she says, still sparkling, "and this is Eleanor," gesturing to the other blonde, "and Madeline." The brunette stands and stretches out her hand, fingers long, anklet jangling. You offer yours automatically, smile, say "nice to meet you," but all you can think of is that your wife's name is Jean and your daughter is called Maggie, and how flat those names sound next to these.

They offer you a chair, and a drink, and a hit off the joint they've been passing around, and you smile and they sparkle and you wonder what in the hell you were worrying about out on the street. You want to stay there forever, in that room with those young girls and their rebel music and their wine, and their laughter. You pretend you told your wife that you'd be out until Wednesday, trying to pick up some extra cash, and you jitterbug and Charleston with the brunette until you fall into a laughing, sweating heap on the floor. The sun is rising.

And then the leg draws back and the light shuts off, and you're left standing in the dark on a broken sidewalk on somebody else's street, drunk, lost, wandering. You stand there for a long time, not looking up anymore, just staring down the street at the darkness beyond the dim circles of lamplight.

You start thinking about a shower, and a good, strong cup of coffee, and work in a couple of hours, and you turn back in the direction of home. The sky you're facing is turning a rich, velvet blue and the clouds are faint pink stripes across the horizon. You start walking, the streetlights flickering in your wake.

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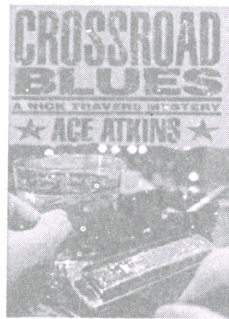
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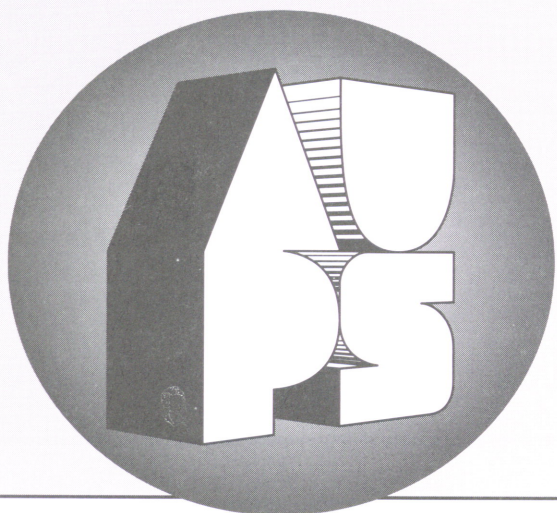
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Flashback Feature Fall 1974

Marijuana: Noble Weed or Noxious Herb?

By Jerry Roden, Jr.

This feature first appeared in the Fall 1974 edition of The Auburn Circle.

American history for the past decade or so is replete with major issues and problems -- the Vietnam conflict, inflation, energy utilization, equal rights, consumer protection, and environmental preservation, for example -- that we the people and our officials, elected and appointed, have fumbled repeatedly. On every major issue that has faced us, contradictory voices have arisen to confuse us with competing authoritative statements and hordes of banner-waving followers. Sometimes it seems that we consider the right to disagree vehemently, confront the opposition, and win the battle of the headlines and the polls much more important than human rights, common sense, or equitable solutions.

Not least among those major issues before us is that of the illicit use of potent drugs. Several months ago *The Circle* staff pinpointed the drug issue, especially as it relates to marijuana, as the most crucial and divisive question then current on the Auburn campus. Consequently, *The Circle* assigned several people to conduct research and then to prepare a comprehensive article on the subject for our fall edition. Our goal from the beginning was to avoid the excesses of partisanship and to get at the truth about illicit drug use in Auburn, Lee County, and elsewhere.

Now, after untold hours of library research and poking and probing around Auburn and Lee County, we seem in one respect farther from our goal than we were at the outset: we do not have a single definitive answer about illicit drug use here or elsewhere, and we see none in immediate prospect. We offer no apology for that ignorance, for our research clearly suggests one fact: *no one else has any definitive answers.*

America seems to have handled the illicit drug problem as clumsily and ineptly as possible. For decades drug traffic and addiction festered virtually unnoticed in ghettos, mill villages, and other social outposts. Then with a boost from Timothy Leary, hippie culture, and rock festivals a few years ago, illicit drug sales and usage sprang to national prominence, and everybody became interested or concerned.

Leary's LSD shortcut to mysticism and eternal verities proved illusory and dangerous enough to curb acid addiction short of a national epidemic. And somewhere along the line, marijuana - an ancient drug that seemed relatively benign- took precedence over all others among the young as a popular form of discovery, communion, or escape. With marijuana as a "national problem," we had a Presidential Commission which went one way and a President who went another on the central question of harmful effects and appropriate regulatory measures. That

sad example typified most of our responses until recently, when some solid objective research got underway in a number of areas, but such research is still too new and limited to provide conclusive results.

With the present state of general ignorance, the best that *The Circle* can do is to provide some of the few facts and many opinions applicable to the most crucial questions and to promise to continue its

That sad example typified most of our responses research and reports until more satisfactory answers

are available. The central questions about marijuana concern, we assume: (1) prevalence of usage, (2) possible beneficial and harmful effects, (3) the equity of marijuana control laws.

On October 6, *Parade* confidently cited the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse to assert that twenty-six million Americans - sixteen percent of the adult population - have sampled marijuana and that another thirteen million Americans - eight percent of the adult population - use it regularly. Such figures from an ostensibly authoritative source are impressive enough to make us all pause and consider. However, for a number of reasons, *The Circle* believes it wise to employ such figures with some caution.

Our efforts to arrive at some sort of educated guess about marijuana usage among Auburn students and Lee county residents illustrates the necessity for caution. First of all, no statistics without careful reference to age groups are of much value. Lee County Sheriff James Pearson uses the ages thirteen through thirty-one to define the group to which he refers when he offers approximations. All other people we have interviewed accept the ages thirteen and thirty-one as reasonable brackets for the group in which the most concentrated usage occurs. But some interviewees insist that the use of marijuana among those above thirty-one is prevalent enough to be significant and is expanding rapidly, and one interviewee-- who affirms that he began using marijuana at eleven -- asserts that a significant and growing number of under-thirteen users exist in Lee County.

Second, myths, taboos, and legal implications render suspect any figures derived from sampling the population. Our efforts along this line reveal that *people are about as ambiguously cagey concerning pot as they are about sex*: some who don't seem to know much about the subject like to imply that they are experts on pot culture: others who obviously have had considerable firsthand experience attribute their knowledge to unnamed "friends"; and only a few have yet become convinced enough by our irrevocable commitment to confidentiality of sources to be thoroughly candid.

The problems that prevent factual ascertainment do not prohibit educated guesses that have some value. Sheriff Pearson's "guess" that at least sixty to seventy percent of those from thirteen to thirty-one in Lee County have tried marijuana seems to be a reasonable one. Our own little unscientific sample of college people eighteen to thirty turned up eighty percent who have tried it, of which only ten percent had tried it but once. The bulk of personal opinions on the subject support Sheriff Pearson's guess as a reasonable, perhaps slightly conservative, one.

The facts and opinions currently available do not provide a sound basis, for an educated guess about the number of "regular users" among any age group in Lee County. As a matter of fact, we have not yet arrived at a satisfactory definition of regular user.

Our research has confirmed one suspicion that we had at the outset: All of the stereotyped profiles of the typical marijuana user are misleading. Among those who partake are long-hairs and short-hairs, intellectuals and party boys, faithful choir girls and frenetic floozies, fraternity men and radical individuals, steady workers and erratic performers, superb athletes and obese sack addicts. Furthermore, use of *"the noble weed"* is not primarily a collegiate practice: Sheriff Pearson's evidence leads him to conclude that there is no significant difference between the percentage of collegiate and non-collegiate users in the same age bracket, and our poking and probing to this point support his conclusion. Middle America may not have gone to pot, but pot has become a middle class pastime or addiction.

At the center of all controversy about marijuana resides the question of its effects-- both beneficial and harmful-- upon users.

On the one hand, we have those convinced that it is a beneficent drug which promotes relaxation, heightens perception to the point of attaining insights otherwise unobtainable, and creates a common bond among users that transcends racial and cultural barriers. One interviewee, who has used marijuana for ten years--with no observable effects--says: *"It eliminates racial barriers.* I have smoked it with black, white, yellow, and red people, and in the process, have gone past racial and cultural differences down to the root joys of our common humanity." Another affirms that marijuana has provided him new and deeper perceptions about music, literature, art, psychology, philosophy, and the nature of eternity. At one point, he asserted: "I would continue smoking pot if I knew that it would kill me." (He was "stoned" but eloquently coherent at the time.)

On the other hand, we have those convinced that marijuana begets mental and physical deterioration, sexual license, radicalism, genetic damage, indifference, sloth, and addiction to even more malignant drugs. They foresee from the advent of marijuana the downfall of

our nation; the triumph of Communism, Fascism, or the Mafia; or the coming of the Last Judgement.

Unfortunately, some evidence of sorts exists to support both extremes. Jack S. Margolis and Richard Clorfene in *A Child's Garden of Grass: The Official Handbook For Marijuana Users* devote eight wittily detailed chapters primarily to pleasures and benefits from the use of

Margolis and Clorfene sound convincing marijuana. They grant one chapter to discuss "The Dangers of Grass," and

we quote herewith *the entire contents* of that chapter-- "The dangers of using grass are: 1) Getting busted." Margolis and Clorfene sound convincing, but so did a tough and compassionate Harlem drug worker who maintained on National television a couple of years ago that "one joint" may cause a psychotic break in an emotionally unstable person, and so do some other concerned lawmen who see a definite link between marijuana and hard-drug addiction.

Between the extremes, of course, lies a spectrum of varying opinions with which most *Circle* readers are familiar and which need not detain us. But we turned up one about which we had not heard that deserves mention. There is, apparently, a substantial body of people who have tried marijuana rather extensively, who testify to the heightened perceptivity resulting from its use, who are glad they tried it, but who have quit using it because they dislike--perhaps even distrust-- marijuana-influenced perceptions. Without exception to this point, we have found that such people consider marijuana at the worst no more harmful than alcohol, believe that it should be legalized, and assert that they may again take a few drags from time to time to avoid social awkwardness with close friends. But they will not seek opportunities because they basically just dislike the effects.

Moving from the realm of general opinion-- informed and uninformed-- to that of serious inquiry and objective research, we find the focus narrowing sharply. Most of the presumably beneficial effects of marijuana are largely subjective and hence, we presume, not readily subject to controlled testing. At an rate, our library research has not yet turned up any record of such tests. However, two experiments have suggested the possibility of beneficial effects: (1) That the THC in marijuana may have some cancer-inhibiting effect. However, the report that we saw on that was not yet conclusive (2) That marijuana may improve the driving performance of a limited number of drivers. However, the decline of driving performance for the vast majority of people involved in this experiment was significant enough for those who conducted it to conclude: "Driving under the influence of marijuana should be avoided as much as should driving under the influence of

alcohol.” (Harry Klonoff, “Marijuana and Driving in Real-Life Situations,” *Science*, October 25, 1974.)

Recent research has suggested the possibility of several harmful effects that may be summarized thus: (1) Usage by a pre-adolescent could cause a disturbance of puberty or hormone balance. (2) Usage by a pregnant woman could inhibit the sexual development of a male fetus. (3) Usage may result in an unproductiveness syndrome. (4) Chronic usage may impair thymus-derived cell immunity. (5) Usage probably impairs the driving effectiveness of most people. (6) Long-term heavy usage may result in significant mental deterioration and disorder. (7) Usage may play some role in the development and spread of multi-drug use by stimulating a desire for more exciting experiences and by lowering resistance to experimentation. On the surface, this constitutes a frightening list of possibilities.

However, one needs to temper an inclination to panic at such a list of possibilities with the realization that none of the research is yet conclusive and that the exact extent of possible damages has not been clearly suggested, much less demonstrated. Ann Mountcastle, a pre-med student primarily responsible for our library research, summed up her reaction at the end of her work thus: “*Smoking marijuana appears to be more harmful* than I had previously thought, but it does not seem any more dangerous than drinking alcohol.” My personal inclination at the moment is to agree with Ann and to add that much more intensive and extensive research is urgently needed.

The most divisive question about marijuana is that concerning the equity of laws enacted to discourage its use. *The Circle* can add nothing new on the subject, but we can’t dislodge it either. Thus we are left with the option of summarizing the facts in such a way that we provide some perspective.

An enlightened society presumably enacts laws primarily to deter rather than simply to punish. As deterrents, marijuana laws in the United States represent a monumental failure. The use of marijuana has mushroomed, and despite a nation-wide tendency to lower the penalties and to relax enforcement against possession for personal use, arrests for marijuana violations have sky-rocketed: in Lee County drug cases reaching circuit court have leaped from 16 in 1968 to approximately 325 last year—and the majority of those cases involved marijuana. The FBI reports that nationally more than 400,000 people were arrested on marijuana charges in 1973 for a numerical increase of more than 100,000 and a percentage jump of 43 over the previous year.

A practical society presumably enacts laws for which enforcement costs are commensurate with the protection received. Everyone should be aware that strict enforcement of all existing marijuana laws

would bankrupt national and local governments: Sheriff Pearson estimates that a search of every person 13-21 passing Toomer's Corner would result in discovery of 35 illegal possessions for each 50 people-- and the primary drug would be marijuana. *Parade* concludes that jailing all regular users in the nation for one year would cost more than \$79 billion. Thus, intelligent law enforcement leaders tend to ignore illegal

this constitutes a frightening list of possibilities possession and go after the

pushers, but even in that process some inequity occurs because some mere users get caught in the net spread for pushers, and once caught they have to pay the penalty which the law demands.

An equitable society presumably enacts laws that provide consistent punishment for a particular offense. Maximum fines for possession of marijuana vary from \$10 in some locations to \$1000 and/or a twelve-month prison term in other locations in the U.S.A.

Further, we assume, and equitable society enacts laws that provide equality of punishment for different but comparable offenses. Time and adequate research may prove marijuana to be either more or less dangerous than alcohol. But at the moment no objective evidence that we know of suggests and few responsible people contend that marijuana is more dangerous. Current laws, it would see, should rest upon current knowledge. In Alabama, people can possess, consume, and sell alcohol legally with proper inspection and restrictions. Possession, consumption, and sale of marijuana are invariably illegal.

Of course, one can possess and sell alcohol illegally in the state. The maximum penalty for illegal sale of alcohol is \$500 and/or six months in prison. The maximum penalty for sale of marijuana is \$25,000 and/or fifteen years in prison. The maximum penalty for illegal possession of alcohol is \$500 and/or six months in prison. The maximum penalty for possession of marijuana is \$1,000 and/or twelve months in prison.

In conclusion, we wish to emphasize that *The Circle* does not presume to know whether a comparison of marijuana and alcohol is valid at all. Hence, we are not endorsing legalization of marijuana upon the same basis as that of alcohol. But we do feel that this comparison which people consistently make provides food for thought and action—at least until the time when objective research has provided some reasonable answer to the question of whether marijuana is a noble weed, a noxious herb, or somewhere in between.



Auburn Panhellenic

By Mary Ruth Booker

Giving time, money, and friendship from the heart to help each other and others in need unifies Auburn's Panhellenic Council in achieving its goals.

"Panhellenic is the unifying body of the 16 sororities. It unites Greek women through leadership, scholarship, service, and most importantly, friendship," Panhellenic President Brea Olson said.

This year has been a busy year for Panhellenic with sorority rush, canned food drives, and volunteer work - while still maintaining good scholarship.

Sorority Rush is held in September, one week before classes begin. More than 1,000 women rushed and 852 women pledged a sorority. "This is 80.68 percent, which is very good for a university of this size," Genny Natter, Vice President for Rush, said.

Panhellenic has maintained a GPA above all women's average each quarter for the 1997-98 year. Spring quarter, eight sororities had an overall GPA above a 3.0. The all-sorority average was a 3.04, while the all women's average was a 2.88.

Panhellenic received the Overall Scholastic Excellence Award at the National Panhellenic Conference last October. This is the highest scholastic honor a Panhellenic can receive.

Panhellenic's biggest fundraisers are Greek Week and Greek Sing.

"Greek Week is sponsored by the Panhellenic and Interfraternity Councils for the purpose of raising money for the Leukemia Society in the name of the Katharine Cooper Carter/Ralph Shug Jordan Leukemia Fund," Mary Beth Trinkle, Director of Greek Week, said.

Greek Week, held Spring quarter, was busy with the Miss Greek Week pageant, a penny drop, a rape awareness program, a blood drive, a prayer hour, Greek games, and a band party featuring Jupiter Coyote.

Philanthropy events were an important part of the week sending volunteers to Moton Day Care, Ridgecrest Day Care, Boykin Community Center, Reading is Fundamental, East Alabama Food Bank, and to programs with students with disabilities.

Greek Week was a huge success. Panhellenic raised \$10,000 for the Leukemia Society.

Greek Sing is another fundraising event sponsored by Panhellenic. Sororities and fraternities choreograph a 5-minute routine and compete against each other for prizes. Money from ticket

and T-shirt sales is donated to Habitat for Humanity.

When Panhellenic is not busy keeping their GPA's high, planning for Greek Week or Greek Sing, service projects are being implicated each month. Benevolence chairman Jen Mills planned a variety of activities each month for Panhellenic to participate.

A gift of the month program gave each sorority the opportunity to donate different items such as paper products, school supplies, canned goods, and cleaning supplies to benefit local charitable organizations including East Alabama Food Bank, Reading is Fundamental, and the Humane Society.

Panhellenic donated more than 10,000 pounds of food to help Auburn win the "Food Fight" against Alabama.

Auburn's Junior Panhellenic, made up of freshman representatives from each sorority, participated in Relay for Life, a walk for cancer. They raised \$1,571.22 for the American Cancer Society.

When Panhellenic unites its 16 sororities for a common goal, great things are accomplished. Needy families, charities, and underprivileged children find a little bit of happiness from the giving and sharing Panhellenic brings.

Editor's Note:

We loved hearing from these two organizations and the accomplishments they have made in the past year. Let us hear from your organization too! Just send a typed article to our address, or drop it by our office on any weekday. Think of the Auburn Circle as a sounding board for your organization. You want to let Auburn know what you are all about? Then here is your chance! We're giving you the opportunity, and the space! C'mon! What are you waiting for?

Pi Sigma Epsilon

Valerie Hall

Vice President of Public Relations

Pi Sigma Epsilon is a professional Sales and Marketing Fraternity that was started on Auburn University's campus, Spring 1998. It had a very successful rush, Fall 1998, which enabled it to triple in size. There are various activities that the members are involved in on campus and the community. Some of these activities include Project Uplift, fund raisers, and benefiting from the expertise of various guest speakers in the Marketing field. Membership is open to students of all majors. Rush will be held the beginning of Winter and Spring quarters. If anyone is interested in getting involved on Auburn's campus, please consider Pi Sigma Epsilon.

Photography

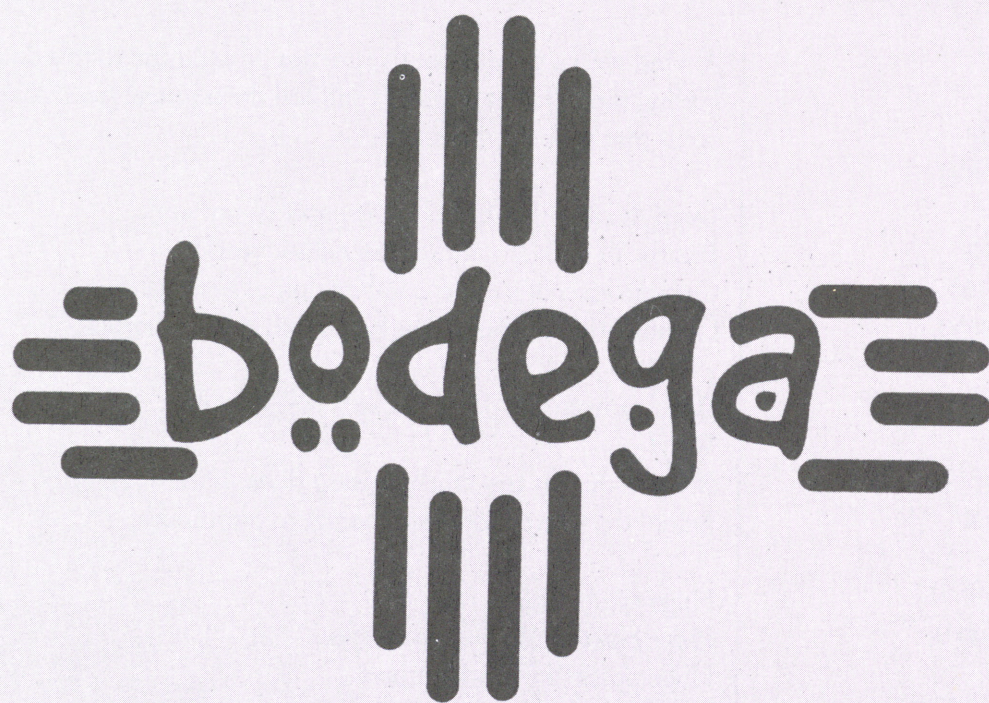
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A lonely

By David M. Rogers

A lonely
is walking
is breaking
the dreaming
is finding
the nothing
behind what
was seeming

Meless
is Youful
is tasting
the girlpool
is hoping
the window
you light up
is open

is voiceless
is calling
the wordless
the walking
is kissing (betrayal!)
the better
than reason
is heartbreak
the fine
hunting love
out-of-season?

Deep Auburn

By Gretta Spatial

A wind with a taste of South America brought me to this deep dream.
Feeling the different culture, I still feel the sensitive trees, colors and
Souls that walk on this streets

Deep Auburn that is inside the paper of my soul,
Breathe of freedom in the materialistic world.
Combination of people, combination of personalities,
Combination of spirits that have reach my inspiration.

Walking from the paradise I step into this place,
Why?
Because there is too much to learn from different cultures
Before the word: judgement comes to our mouth.

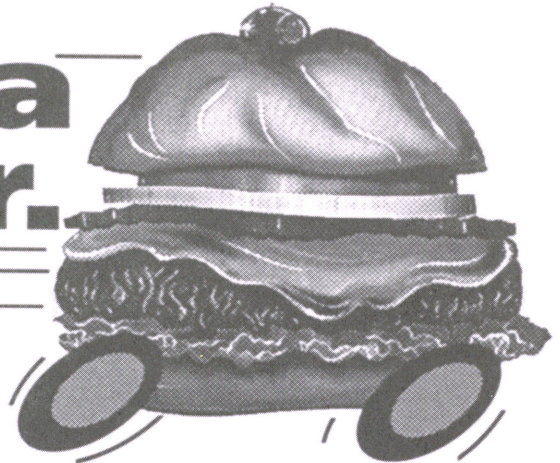
Huge eyes we have
Huge heart to discover those eyes
Huge possibilities to let others
Know how big is all this and
How complex is when we understand more and more.

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My Night Alone

By Darrel L. Johnson

I remember the old barn was cool and drafty. Wind whistled and howled between the rotting planks. And it was dark! As “black as sin” my grandpa would’ve said. Had it not been for the small lantern I used on Cub Scout trips, I couldn’t have seen my hand in front of my face. I did not want to be there, but a dare is a dare.

“If ya wanna be in our gang, ya gotta do a dare,” Jack said. The other members nodded solemnly.

“You mean I’ve gotta do something to be your friend?”

Jack shook his head slowly. “Naw, it ain’t like that. Ya gotta prove you’re man enough to join the gang. We’ve all done it.”

I wasn’t convinced.

“You remember that story Mrs. Gray read to us the’ other day? ‘Bout King Arthur and his knights?”

Of course I remembered. I loved the stories so much I’d asked Mrs. Gray if I could borrow the whole book to read. “Yeah, I remember it, So?”

“Well, when that guy, Lancelot, showed up wantin’ to join, King Arthur made him prove himself. This is the same thing,” Jack looked pleased with his reasoning.

“You mean you’re sending me out on a quest or something?”

“Yeah. Something like that. Of course, if you don’t think you can handle it...” Jack’s voice trailed off suggestively.

Jack had me. There was no getting around it. Either I’d have to take their dare or admit I was chicken. I had just moved into town a week ago. It was horrible until I met Jack and his gang. It was either take the dare

or spend the rest of my natural born life coming straight home from school and reading in my room. Also, I must admit, my need for adventure was calling. I had always loved stories of heroes, particularly ones like Martin Chance. He was my favorite character. I had almost every novel written about him. He could survive anywhere, make anything from a few twigs and some string and catch the bad guys without breaking a sweat. He was my hero. My dad had even bought me the official Martin Chance Swiss Army knife for Christmas last year and it was my most prized possession. I took it everywhere. With images of Martin Chance accepting his next assignment, I heard my voice say, “I’ll do it.”

It was Martin Chance who put me in the miserable position of sitting in this drafty barn now. I sat and stared at the walls. The actual dare was to spend the night in Old Man Pritchard’s barn. According to the guys, several years before I moved here, the man came home one night from drinking and took a scythe to his wife and children. Nobody knows what happened to him. He’s supposed to still hang around the barn looking for more throats to cut. This place would be my home from sundown to sunup.

Martin Chance was not afraid of spiders

"Remember, the dare says ya gotta stay till the sun comes up: six o'clock."

"I know." I unzipped my backpack and checked my provisions again. Inside was my lantern, a thermos filled with water, and a few candy bars. My Swiss Army knife weighed heavily in my pocket. "I'm ready." The words came with as much force as I could muster.

"Now remember, don't go up to the second floor. That's where old man Pritchard stays. He keeps the skeletons of his victims up there." Jack smiled cruelly at me.

I glared back at him. "I'm not afraid of your ghost stories."

Jack shrugged. "Suit yourself."

I shouldered my backpack with all the arrogance of Martin Chance going off on a mission, and pushed my bike to the door of the barn.

I stood up to pace again. I checked my watch by the light from my lantern. It was almost midnight. Supposedly, the guys were taking turns watching the old barn from the dirt road about a hundred yards away. I surveyed my surroundings once more. There were fist-sized holes in the walls. There was a second floor to the building, but judging from the holes above me, it was not safe at all, so I remained downstairs. There were various rooms with doors, most of the doors were falling off the hinges, though. I had ventured into the first of these room and saw nothing but rotting hay and spiderwebs. Martin Chance was not afraid of spiders and neither was I, but they did make my stomach wrench a little. I decided that since there was nothing of interest in there anyway, it wasn't worth investigating further. For the most part there was nothing of interest anywhere in the barn.

So I had sat for the last five hours and listened to the wind howling through the cracks of the walls. I was a little nervous. I knew that there were no such things as ghosts, and certainly didn't believe that Old Man Pritchard was still lurking around on the second floor, but I was still on edge. I could hear thunder in the distance and see flashes of lightning through the holes in walls. Jack and the guys had certainly picked the perfect night if they were trying to scare me. I sat back down and pulled out my knife and started sharpening the blade. It probably didn't need it, but it felt good to be doing something. The wind began to pick up and the thunder was getting louder. I heard a loud crash and nearly stabbed my arm with the knife because I jerked so badly from fright. I was standing, even though I didn't remember getting up. My breath was coming in gasps. I slowly twisted in a circle as I had read that Chance did when he knew something was coming. I stared up into the second floor through a large hole above my head. My eyes strained to pierce the darkness, but I could see very little into the black of the second floor. I knew what Martin Chance would do in this situation. He would pick up the

lantern and investigate the sound. What I wanted to do was get the heck outta there. I listened closely, but heard nothing other than the wind howling and thunder crashing in the distance. My breathing finally became normal again and I relaxed a little. Sitting down, I held my knife at the ready and strained to hear footsteps. After a few moments of tense anticipation, I relaxed further and resumed slowly sharpening my knife.

I shouldn't even be here. What if my mom were to come check on me and find me gone? Would she go crazy and call the cops out to look for me? Was being part of Jack's gang worth the risk? I heaved a long breath, knowing my answer. I checked my watch again. It was 12:50. Not too much longer now, I thought, trying to bolster my courage. A loud creak from upstairs echoed throughout the barn, and I jumped. Recognizing the sound, I quickly tried to relax again. Old barns creak and make noises. Nothing to be scared of. Martin Chance wouldn't be scared of just a few old noises. Would Martin Chance be afraid of a maniac with a scythe who had slaughtered his whole family? Probably not. However, I was not so sure I wasn't afraid.

A breeze blew in, smelling of rain. I knew the rain was coming, it was just a matter of when. I should just leave. I should just hop on my bike and get back home and in bed before it started raining. I went so far as to stand and walk towards the door, and my bike parked just outside it. I took half a dozen steps towards freedom and stopped. If I left, I would have to admit that I was a coward. I would have to admit that a stupid, creaky old barn had gotten the better of me. My cheeks burned when I thought of how unlike Martin Chance I was acting. But, and this idea struck me like a ton of bricks, Chance was a character in a book. The story was written so he'd always win. Reality was a different matter. Supposing Old Man Pritchard was still hanging around here, he could gut me like a Thanksgiving Day turkey and no power on Earth could stop him. I started trembling and my knees felt weak. My stomach writhed and twisted itself into knots as I slowly searched the inky blackness. My breathing was hard and fast and I couldn't stop shaking. Every nerve in my body was strung tight as a violin string. I looked down at the hand still holding my knife. The hand was trembling so badly, I could barely hold the knife. I wanted to run screaming out of the barn. Another creak upstairs nearly caused me to wet my pants. I looked down at myself and thought of Martin Chance. The creak above me sounded again. I did not look up. I was too afraid to look up and see a leering face staring down at me, bloody scythe in one hand. I trembled and shook, but stood my ground. My teeth were chattering and I tried to clench my jaw shut to quiet them. I risked a quick look up, holding my now pitiful-seeming knife ready. There was a hole directly in front of me, and it was empty.

I calmed a bit and a sudden thought occurred to me. If I could

climb up the ladder and just look around the upper floor, it would be the bravest thing I'd ever do in my life. Certainly worthy of joining Jack's gang. Worthy even of Martin Chance himself. I resolved to do it. I heard the rain start as if on cue. My muscles were so tense, I had to almost slide my feet across the floor because I could hardly bend my knees. The ladder was now ten feet in front of me. Surely no one in Jack's little group was this brave.

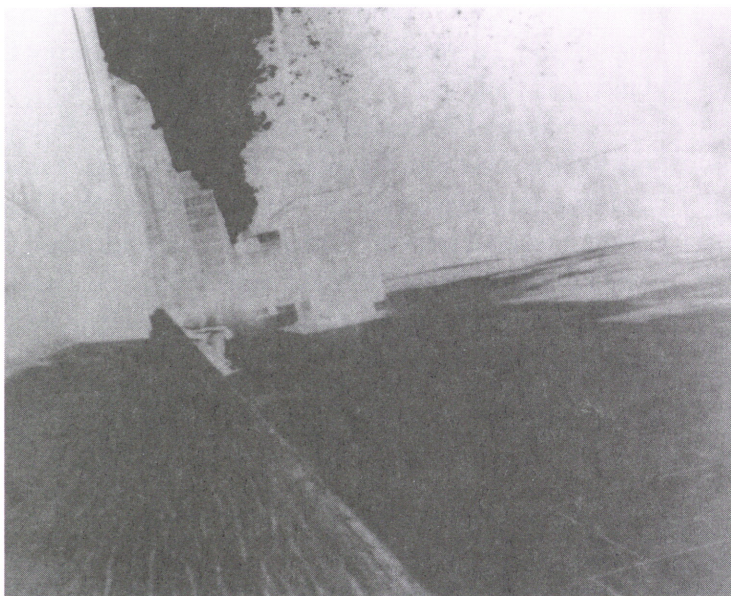
Five feet away now. I glanced up quickly to insure that the entryway was free of spiderwebs and maniacs. I placed one foot on the lowest rung of the ladder and used my free hand to pull myself up. I twisted around to hold my knife out and ready. I climbed another step, wishing now for my lantern. My mouth was dry and my hands trembled violently. *What was up there?* Would I find a crazed, old man wielding a scythe and standing amidst a pile of bones? I moved up another rung. One more step and I would see the next floor and whatever it held for me. I placed my hand firmly on the top rung and readied my knife. Here I was, inches away from my fate. I tensed the muscles in my left arm. The lightning flashed. A boom of thunder rattled the barn. I gripped my knife tighter. With a lunge, my head exploded through the opening. I tore my gaze around the room. I saw nothing. In a panic, I thought, "He's hiding!" The lightning flashed again, briefly illuminating the second floor. There was nothing there! I smiled a wry smile, amused with my own fear. I looked around again. I felt a small twinge in the back of my mind and my mind and my smile faded. The second floor was completely empty of anything except decaying straw and rotted wood. A small spider scurried towards me. I scowled at it in sudden anger. "You're not Old Man Pritchard!" I told it.

Slowly I descended back down the ladder, feeling confused about my sudden anger with the spider. I kicked a clump of straw across the barn and dropped down beside my backpack. Folding the blade of my knife back closed, I tossed it onto my backpack. I never understood until much later why I stopped reading Martin Chance novels soon after that night. I pulled out my water bottle and a candy bar as I settled in to wait for Jack and the guys to come and find me.



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By Matt Whitaker



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“Colored” Me Orange and Blue

By Daveta Redding

The 60's defined an era of American social war - the Civil Rights Movement. Attempts to crumble racial barriers increased as did violence to reconstruct them. As Lyndon B. Johnson coined the term “affirmative action”, African Americans were enforcing it especially in Alabama. Alabama is a historical battlefield for the infamous civil right movements: most notably the stand-off at the doors of the University of Alabama. Months later, Auburn University also admitted its first African American student Harold Franklin. Although AU's experience was no where as cruel as UA's, the admittance of Mr. Franklin was referred to as a “change and crisis” by President Ralph B. Draughon. A change? Yes. A crisis? I hardly think so. Mr. Franklin and his predecessors helped to change the way I feel about AU.

It has taken being black in order to appreciate being orange and blue. I have spent what should have been the most exciting time of life on the plains - MISERABLY. I can remember staying up studying Chemistry for the optometrist that I will never be.

Studying Calculus and Physics for the engineer I didn't want to be. And studying Economics for the economist I was so tactfully denied from being. Not until recently, I was convinced that my degree was part of the 1992 Remedial Decree, a federal court order mandating AU to recruit and retain black students. I felt used. I felt like a token . . . a statistic.

After my graduation, I burned my degree. You read right. Thirty thousand dollars cremated. My folks should have whipped my ass, right? Probably so. But I just couldn't see the beauty or the strength that laid in the calligraphic wording:

By the authority of the Board of Trustees and on recommendation of the Faculty hereby confers Daveta Clydette Redding the Bachelor of Arts . . . this twelfth day of June nineteen hundred ninety-eight.

Now in retrospect, I am able to see the history behind my degree: the courage, the perseverance, the hard work that went into making it possible for me to be an Auburn Alumna. In retrospect, I can now make out the faces that were burning in the flames. The faces that worked painfully hard to get me where I am today.

As a child of 60's parents, I grew up listening to my parents share anecdotes of the “southern way of life”. Their eyes would glisten with fury and pain while their voices trembled and cracked. Although my hear ached as my parents non-nostalgically catalogued

their childhood events, it was simply unfathomable to me that in the 60's I would not have been able to enter through the front door of Graffiti Bridge, sit at a front booth, and enjoy lunch with my friends Susan and Mark. What's more, have similar opportunities that they have as White students at AU.

Their eyes would glisten with fury But then I began to wonder, if there had been no Civil Rights Movement, would there have been a Governor Wallace? Yes, there would have been, but there would not have been a Vivian Malone, a Harold Franklin, and thousands of Black students that chose to attend and graduate from predominately white colleges and universities in Alabama every year. Therefore, I have come to appreciate the efforts of those such as Governor Wallace that promoted segregation. Ironically, without their ignorance, Blacks would not have been able to vote, eat at McDonald's, not to mention own two or three, live where they please, or ride the front seats of LETA.

Governor Wallace, I am not sure of the number of offended and hurt Blacks that will miss you. But to me, you were their inspiration as well as strength. Because of you, my parents and their peers persevered so that I would not have to -- or at least not in the same intensity. Mr. Governor, because of your "stand" on desegregation, I am an Auburn University graduate.

So in a painful way, I have come to realize that the degree I burned was not solely mine to burn. It belonged to the faces in those flames and the people who "believed" in me. Needless to say the thirty grand was not mine . . . not one cent.

But come to think of it, maybe I am a token, a statistic after all. But not because I am black nor because I am a woman, but because I am one of the 2665 African-Americans that worked hard enough to earn an Auburn Degree.



Small Time or Big Time ?

By Tiffany A. Posey

Many haven't heard of the small theatre located on Gay Street in Auburn, but this small theatre is doing big things. Small Time Outreach Productions is a nonprofit organization with a mission to "communicate, tell stories, uplift, and teach the mind, body, and spirit." Rhett Leudtke, Artistic Director, decided to create his own theatre, which now serves east Alabama and west Georgia. Rhett graduated from Valparaiso, a small Liberal Arts college in Northern Indiana, with a bachelor in Theatre and Television Arts, with an acting emphasis. Rhett believes that theatre is on a downswing because film is so readily accessible and therefore makes his efforts to reach out to the community and even harder task.

Rhett Leudtke, Kara Bayless, and Kate Hancock are the only three company members. Together the three strive to reach four basic goals: social outreach, entertainment, spiritual outreach, and education. S.T.O.P., as it is often referred to, has many ways to succeed in their role as teacher and communicator of the arts.

The social outreach program is designed to "educate community organizations and schools about social issues." Productions that were performed with this in mind were *Biff, Bang, Kapowie*, a violence prevention play, *Friends*, a conflict resolution play, and *Say No, Max!*, a drug abuse prevention play. Other issues S.T.O.P. creates awareness of are AIDS prevention, teen pregnancy, gang violence, dating violence, alcohol abuse, and sexual abstinence.

S.T.O.P. also provides entertainment for the Auburn and Opelika area throughout the Small Time Community Theatre.

Company members, community members, actors, and volunteers of all ages participated in these productions. The Small Time Theatre performed *Beau Jest* this past October and *Faith Healer* last December. They will be performing *The Cotton Patch Gospel* in March and *Agnes of God* in May and three one-act plays this summer.

S.T.O.P.'s spiritual outreach "provides religious education through performance." *Epiphany!* is S.T.O.P.'s acting group that perform for churches and religious institutions in the community. The dramas they perform include *The Man From Sucany*, *And They Danced*, and *Locusts and Wild Honey*, which encompass liturgical dance, clown and mime ministry, puppetry, and street performances.

Among all of this the Small Time Theatre manages to hold acting classes for kindergarten children through adults up to retirement age. Acting classes consist of four afternoon sessions and at the end of each seven weeks students have a showcase for their friends

Flashback Poetry Winter 1981

Front Porches

By Britt Cauthen

Front porches were made for sittin'
 For shuckin' the corn, or doin the knitten'
 For gazing into the open spaces
 And wonderin' about those far-off places.
 For catchin' a breeze, or takin' a nap--
 Or restin' your knees and chawin' the sap.
 For watchin' the cars as they putter by,
 For comforting heartbreak's lowly cry.
 For talkin' of girls and of special things
 And the peace of mind the springtime brings.
 For pondering the sun as it slowly sets
 Debating the catch of the casting nets.
 Yes, front porches serve many a function
 Soothing soul and mind as a powerful unction.

and family. through their education program children and adults "learn the discipline and value of the theatre through production." Also S.T.O.P. holds The Auburn Shakespeare Youth Project in which youth from fifth grade to twelfth put on their own Shakespearean production. Past productions of S.T.O.P. students include, *As You Like it*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Taming of the Shrew*, and *Twelfth Knight*. This year's educational productions are *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

As you can see Small Time Outreach productions is anything but small time. S.T.O.P. teaches valuable lessons to the adult and the child. The theatre welcomes any member of the community to come and be a part of this wonderful organization. Those who are interested acting, tickets, or receiving the newsletter can contact the theatre at (334) 502-4050. Write to Small Time Outreach Production, Inc., 166 N. Gay Street Auburn, AL 36830, or visit their web site: stopinc@auburn.net

Small Time Community Theatre

presents

Agnes of God

directed by Rhett Luedtke

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Aubie...Twenty Years Old! Reflections of the First Aubie

By Barry Mask

The following is a speech made by Barry Mask, Aubie 1 from 1979-80, at the Aubie Reunion held last November 7. Congratulations Aubie on taking home for the fourth year in a row, First Place in the Universal Cheerleaders Association's National Mascot Competition 1999!



Courtesy of Auburn University
Archives & Manuscripts

It's hard to believe Aubie is entering its 20th year. Or maybe I just don't want to believe it because that means I'm Almost 40. Yuck!

Aubie "officially" debuted at the Sept. 5, 1979, Auburn vs. Kansas St. game in Auburn. It was hot! That summer I had spent the quarter in Auburn working and trying to get in heat-conditioning following a regimen which Frank Cox, equipment manager for the football team, had put me on. Later that summer of '79 I went to the UCA Cheerleading Camp in Memphis with the cheerleaders. The mascot camp was small then; only about 20 mascots were there.

The camp was the first time I spent much time with the cheerleaders. One has to understand that at this time Aubie was new, and the cheerleaders didn't really know where Aubie fit in "their" spotlight. Despite several offers on my part earlier in the summer to work-out and practice with them, they politely let me know that wasn't necessary. I don't think I would have gotten to go to the camp with them if it were not for the Alumni Association. (More about Alumni Association later) But I went and "tagged along" any way and tried to charm them and let them know Aubie was not a threat and could in fact compliment them. I even talked them into letting Aubie be on top in a 3-high stunt. At the end of the week, Aubie walked away with "Best Mascot" honors.

Anyway the first game was HOT! We put a thermometer on the inside of the suit on Aubie's chest before I got into the suit. We figured out a way for Aubie to debut in a big orange & blue gift-wrapped box right before kick-off. We then decided in order to get the fan's curiosity up, we would sit it on the edge of the field 40 minutes prior to kick-off. And yes, that meant I had to bake in that box for 40 minutes.

A fraternity brother of mine, Jim Akers, was a drummer in the Auburn band. He had suggested to D. Walls and Dr. Vincent (now the band director) that they let Aubie dance during their half-time show. We met with Dr. Vincent and he even let me select a song for him to write an arrangement for. (I couldn't believe it). I chose "Rock That" by Earth Wind & Fire. Anyway, Dr. Vincent also suggested that after the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" before the game, that the box then be picked up by the cheerleaders and brought to the middle of the field. Then Carl Stephens, the stadium announcer would say

“Introducing a new Auburn tradition, Aubie the Tiger!” Akers and I had rigged up a fire extinguisher from the Phi Tau house on the inside of the box. After Carl introduced Aubie, I pulled on the fire extinguisher to make smoke come out of the box, and then busted out to the box. I say busted-out because all of the smoke stayed in the box and I almost choked. But the desired effect occurred since all of the smoke appeared

Aubie would do a push-up for each point when I busted down the walls. Then they launched into “Rock That” and Aubie

danced on the field for four and a half minutes. I remember struggling to run off the field and get under the stands to cool-off. I was dizzy and seeing bubbles- what Frank Cox had told me were the first signs of the heat stroke. I got under the stands, got the head off, and drank water. A couple of State Troopers poured water on my head. We pulled the suit off and checked the thermometer-115 degrees, all the way to the top!

No sooner had I gotten cooled off when it looked like Auburn was about to score its first touchdown. We had decided Aubie would do a push-up for each point when we scored. In 1979 we had a great offense that piled up points- and I blame Charlie Trotman, our quarter-back then, for all of those push-ups Aubie had to do. But I was in the best shape of my life and weighed just 180 pounds.

Anyway, the season rocked on. I remember James Lloyd, whose idea it was to get Aubie started, told me after tryouts “It’s up to you to make this thing work and be a hit. If it flops it’s your fault.” And so I had to come up with a new skit and entrance for every home game. We had to create media opportunities, get student support for Aubie, and Alumni support for Aubie. Few people realize what James Lloyd did to get the suit. He basically sent copies of Phil Neel’s Aubie on old game programs to Brooks-Van Horn costumers in New York City and told them to make it just like the cartoon Aubie, created by Phil Neel. By the way - Brooks Van Horn is the same costume designer for Saturday Night Live. James met with the Alumni Association development Director Dr. Julian Holmes to get the go-ahead since the suit cost \$1400. Dr. Holmes raised the money from Alumni to pay for it. (He really got busy when the bill came in sooner than expected.)

That began the relationship for me with the Alumni Association. It was Aubie’s “sponsor” then. The Athletic Department was sorta hands-off, wait and see. But the folks at the Alumni Association took care of me and Aubie. Buck Bradberry, Dr. Holmes, Pat Brackin, Jerry Smith, Ken Pylant, and the late Kay Lovvorn and the late “Kit” Roney came through whenever I needed props, travelling funds, or a job. You have to remember, Aubie was not a “budgeted” item for the university, Athletic Department, the SGA

[Student Government Association], or the Alumni Association. It just sorta happened thanks to James Lloyd and Dr. Holmes. The Alumni Association became my safehouse, and Aubie's den or sanctuary. I will always be grateful.

At that time and up until 1985 or so, there was "Aubie" and two alternates. Then the concept changed (correctly I believe) thanks to Debbie Shaw Conner, to have a "head-Aubie" and two other Aubies. This really helped me spread the load around and the responsibilities to all three Aubies. It was awkward that first year not really knowing what role the alternates were to play. But I have to say that I had two of the finest and most talented alternates in Viki Leach and Bob Harris. By the end of the football season I realized that I just needed to call them and ask them to do it whenever Aubie had to make an appearance. And believe me, after Aubie took off, everybody wanted him at every event. By the sixth football game of the year, even the cheerleaders asked me to travel with them, though I was still an "outsider."

I think it was the Georgia Tech game in Atlanta that year that was the most fun, and put Aubie in the hearts of fans. They had put a \$400 bounty on Aubie's tail for any Tech freshman "Rat" who could get Aubie's tail. They tried right before kick-off resulting in a riotous affair on the field with cheerleaders, students, security, Auburn trainers (my fraternity brother Steve Turner was a trainer and got in on the fun), State Troopers, and Auburn Band Members helping. It was Wild! I wasn't scared for my own safety, but I knew if they tore the suit up - that was it for Aubie, since there was no spare suit. The melee delayed the kickoff. The late Les King with AU Photo Services took some great pictures that hopefully are still on file. After it happened, I was ordered by stadium security to "hang" with the Auburn football team for my own safety. The Sports Information Director Buddy Davidson came down and asked the football players to "look after Aubie" during the game,

and they did. Auburn whipped Tech badly that day. After the game the team carried Aubie off and across the field on their shoulders. That's one of my favorite pictures. That's also the day Auburn students, fans, and Alumni fell in love with Aubie and the spirit of Aubie. The melee created a media frenzy all over the South, especially in the newspapers and T.V. stations. I wish I had the video of Aubie running down the field, doing the 100-yard dash with those size 18 feet humping it for dear life, trying to get away from 200 alcohol-crazed Tech Freshmen who are trying to cash in Aubie's tail for a bounty.

There were other fun events that year, but we all have our "Aubie" stories. I do, however, have to mention the Alabama game. Aubie dressed up in a red jacket, hounds-tooth hat, and a rolled program and mocked the football god - "Bear" Bryant. A week before the game

“Bear” had said “If we don’t beat Auburn, I’d just as soon go home and plow.” The Jefferson Co. Auburn Club President Bill Renneker had rigged up a plow on wheels and gave it to me to use. So before the game, Aubie dressed up like the Ole Bear and pushed that plow right down the middle of the field while Auburn Fans chanted “Plow Bear Plow”. I had just gotten to the end of the field when Bear came walking

the biggest reward has been meeting the new Aubies up and spotted me. Aubie walked over to

him and shook his hand. He laughed and said, “I like your hat better than mine.” Then both teams ran on the field and it was time to play ball. Auburn lost a heartbreaker 25-18 and Bama went on to become national champs. But on Sunday after the game, ever Sunday newspaper in Atlanta had on its front page Aubie dressed up like Bear. It was a media coup, and a month later Alabama started their mascot program.

Overall, it was a fun year as Aubie. To tell you the truth, I loved doing basketball games best because of the interaction with the fans. Aubie attended swim meets as well. A by-product of that was being invited to come party with the swimmers after the meet. Everyone knows the swimmers party better than anyone. It was then that I met Rowdy Gaines, David Marsh, and Bill Forrester.

Throughout the years the biggest reward has been meeting the new Aubies and being recognized by Auburn, and even Alabama fans all around the Southeast. It’s a humbling experience and keeps me on the straight and narrow so as to honor Auburn. I’ve enjoyed judging Aubie tryouts immensely when I’ve been able to. My only concern twenty years ago (even when I tried out) and my only concern now is that politics not invade the selection process. Aubie is too important for campus politics to come into it and ruin it. I spent the next couple of years after I was Aubie fighting in the SGA to be sure we had as politics-proof tryouts as possible. If we ever let Aubie selection become the property of one fraternity, sorority or any campus group, then good talented people will not tryout.



Decisions and Revisions

By Judy Sheppard

She didn't want company. But she didn't want to be alone. That was why she was here at this bar with her brother, a big, bluff companionable man who would buy her drinks, leave her alone, and ask no questions. She could sit in a corner and be as happily miserable this last time as she liked. After all, what were bars and brothers for?

It was the end of a hot day in late March: spring break. Karen had begun her yearly tan that morning and chafed a little under her thin embroidered shirt, feeling a little feverish and sore, and cupped the cool glass appreciatively. So far, so good. Bob had found a friend as soon as they had walked in— a handsome, mustached dandy in a three-piece suit— and although there were no dim corners in this crowded place where she could wipe a brave tear away; there were a lot of barstools, and the bar was dark enough to hide in. She seemed forgotten in this misty, smoky cave; she no longer knew anybody in her hometown, and she was invisible. All that was fine. All she'd wanted was a drink, a smoke, and a toast to her last love affair. She might even receive divine inspiration on her thesis on T.S. Eliot: these things happened to the very drunk. She could watch the scene in all the mirrors she faced, think until the liquor soaked her brain cells, and act very cold to anything remotely male. All except the bartender, of course: one must make sacrifices.

Misanthropism, in the narrowest form of the word, had set in. In a month, probably less, Karen would be interested in the young men floating by, in the interesting-looking couples bent over their glasses and whispering together, interested perhaps even in Bob's talkative, nervously energetic friend who stood by them at the bar. Except for that three-piece suit. It reminded her a little too poignantly of Paul, best-dressed graduate student. Even so, she knew, she might have later joined cheerfully in with the conversation, matched strategies and vanities, and be calmly

certain that men, too, knew what an attractive and absurd charade it all was. But not now. She was tired, pleasantly, morosely tired, the way her writer-friend Jim was when he stepped across the hall from his office into hers and said, "I'm sick of this shit. I want to get married." No more careful moving of the pieces to arrive only at check and checkmate, no more pretty poses. Yes, that was the right idea. Marry 'em and forget 'em.

"Oh sorry. Gary, this big my sister, Karen." Bob turned to her suddenly, jostling her elbow. "She's a grad student. Teaches Freshman English."

"Oh yeah? I really hated English," Gary said, shaking his well-groomed head. What an original response, Karen thought disdainfully. Next he'll be talking slowly to get the grammar right.

"She's working on her thesis now," Bob continued, like a proud father: Bob, who was impressed by college, though he'd never wanted to go there. He had a high-paying electronics job with telephone company. "Who's it on, Kare?"

Oh, God. "T.S. Eliot," she answered. Who? this guy will ask.

self-pity was a wonderful thing "Who?" Gary asked.

"A poet. Just a poet." Karen turned back to her drink with virtuous contempt. Men: how predictable. "I have known them all, known them..." Don't quote, Karen, a warning voice in her head told her sternly. This isn't the proper place. If you have to explain the joke- or quote- it's no good.

Gary, with a shrug, had turned back to Bob. They were, of course, talking baseball and spring training and the fishing in the nearby Gulf. Karen ignored them and watched the bartender absently. Nice build. Nice beard. He was a big handsome blonde who danced a little by himself to the stereo music as he whirled busily from tap to blender. She tasted her drink again judiciously: mediocre.

You are hard to please tonight, her little mocking voice told her. Is this how aging playboys feel, when it's all too damn much trouble? It was no longer even lovesickness, this mood; it was melancholy, a sweet affected word that conjured up pale, long-haired ladies with old, tear-splotched love letters in their hands. It had been like this after the first trauma, two weeks or so of crying in Jim's office or drinking grimly alone in the afternoons after teaching or in bars with friends, (other bars, not the one much like this place where she and Paul had met every Friday afternoon). She had been two people; a brittle gaiety and a too-ready laugh and a determined exuberance had characterized one of them, the one who might run into Paul in the hallways, a quiet, moody, martyr at other times, courageously carrying on. All that should pass, just like this self-serving surly, unsociable posture she'd chosen tonight. Before long, men would be the same funny, interesting creatures she's always found them- ah, but now, now; Karen lifted her glass to herself in the mirror. Now, self-pity was a wonderful thing.

What is there to say about "Prufrock" anyway? she thought suddenly, brow furrowing in anxiety. Was there anything the critics and Ezra Pound had missed? Graduate student unlocks the key to Eliot's poetry. Articles published, a prestigious teaching job assured, Paul made aware of the chance he'd missed...

"Hey-- you awake?" Bob asked, prodding her gently. He was alone again, finishing off his beer. "I think you make Gary nervous," he added, with a wink that made Karen wince. "He's talking a blue streak."

"Oh. Is he gone?"

"Just to the john. He'll be back." Another wink.

"Could I have another, please?" Karen asked painfully, avoiding that knowing smile.

"Sure. Bill, another margarita, and a draft. Yeah, he'll be back. Told you I'd show you a good time, didn't I?"

Oh, God, Karen thought again. "I thought we got this straight when I got to your place tonight," she said, pronouncing her words with emphasis. "I don't want to have a good time. OK?"

"Yeah, yeah," Bob nodded, smiling, sipping his beer.

Karen sighed and stared into the poisonous green of the tequila. Can't I just mope, for heaven's sake? she thought, watching the bartender, who was, after all, very nice-looking. I'm just not interested. Then, from nowhere-- what exactly happened, anyway? Her usual rashness, her impatience --wanting too much? Oh, forget about it, her mental counselor snapped. It's all over now.

"What's that you're drinking?" Sure enough, Gary was back.

"Margaritas." Karen rubbed her sun-chapped lips where the salt stung them.

"See Stu lately?" Bob was asking with great unconcern.

"Yeah. He left about five minutes before you walked in." Gary watched Karen nurse her lip gently with a careful finger. "Hey there!" he said to a waitress, who flitted by, ignoring him. In the mirror, Karen watched him shrug and continue. "He had his fiancée and this red-haired chick with him." ("Chick", Karen thought. Somebody still says "chick"?)

"A red-headed one? With big," Bob paused, glanced at Karen with grinning apology, and went in. "Oh, man! Is that the one?"

"Yeah. She a friend of yours?"

"I wish," Bob said gloomily, downing his beer and waving for another. "Where's they go?"

"Bayou Lounge."

There was a pause. Karen looked up apprehensively. "No. No thanks." She shook her head emphatically and lit a cigarette with the defiant air of a man smoking his last before a firing squad. "That's all I need. No. Just drop me off at your place to pick up my car. I've had enough to drink already."

"Hey, you'd like this place," Bob said heartily. "Really classy- old, with bowls of boiled shrimp and bluegrass music--"

"Thanks, Bob. But no. You go,"

"I didn't bring you here just to dump you," Bob answered with an injured air. "Forget it. It doesn't matter. We'll just stay here."

"Look, Bob, if you want to go, I could always--" Gary began.

"Telephone, Gary. Back of the bar," said the waitress, passing by again with a gleaming tray of drinks. Gary set down his scotch and water

and disappeared; Karen drew a relieved breath. She turned to her brother, tugging at his sleeve.

"Listen." She was speaking with that careful enunciation of an English teacher who was rapidly getting blitzed. "I don't want to go to the Bayou, and I think you ought to. Just walk in, you know, very cooley, and there you are." Bob had spoken of the red-haired girl before they'd

I guess it started with women's lib

left his apartment that night, a girl he's met the night before at an engagement party for Stu and his fiancée, so behind her panic at having to handle Gary there was a real concern. There was the sight of Bob, a man sloping toward his late thirties, unmarried, tired, his optimistic What-me-worry? act getting a little grim. Why the hell shouldn't somebody in this family have some luck? She felt like a cheerleader urging on a reluctant over-the-hill athlete. And then, annoyingly, there was Gary again, looking exaggeratedly distressed and indignant.

"Hey, Bill! Another scotch. Can I get you a drink?" he asked Karen, who nodded resignedly and gave him a cursory smile. The brother and sister were immersed in gloomy silence; Gary didn't seem to notice, as he favored them with confidence.

"That was this girl," he told them. "I said to her, just last night, 'Listen.'" He struck a firm pose. "I said to her, 'It was nice, what we had,'" he paused dramatically, " 'but we don't have it no more.' She just can't get it. She thinks I'm playing, playing hard-to-get. Women these days! It's all games."

"How's that again?" Karen asked, looking at him as sharply as she could through blurred eyes.

"Games. You know, I guess it started with women's lib. Things are all screwed up now. I mean, you can't just meet somebody nice and sit and talk anymore. It's got to be," he struck a pose like an actor coming through an imaginary door and delivering lines, " 'Hello, I'm Gary. Want to go to bed, chick?' You know what I mean?"

Is this guy for real? Karen wondered, too amazed and amused to be offended. "Sure," she nodded. "I know what you mean." She smiled broadly into her drink.

"I thought you would," he said. "I can tell what people are like, just looking at them, you know. That's why I'm such a good salesman. That's what I do. Anyway, I can tell you're different."

Karen thought, as Bob interrupted to quiz Gary about the red-head: I haven't heard such a line in my whole life. You're not like all the others. There's something different about you. You're something ... special. Boy! How many men had said that to how many women, and vice versa, and how many of their besotted listeners had opened eyes wide

and said, "Oh, do you really think so?" And then we go to bed. Right, Gary? she thought savagely, puffing away in disgust. We all want to believe so much that we do believe. People!

"Yeah, well, that's what I told her," Gary was continuing to her brother. "There's no break like a clean break, baby.' Right?"

Right, Gary. Karen caught herself nodding and stopped. Theirs had been a clean break, no blood or mess until hours later. As usual, she'd jumped for the jugular; she was so good at that. God, she had been rash! Well, why hadn't he stopped her? Well, who cares? I am shrugging at myself in the mirror, she thought in sudden alarm, hastily straightening her spine. Nobody had seemed to notice.

"Gary, Phone," the bartender said, walking by, his tone not pleasant.

"Damn," Gary said, sliding off his stool. "I mean, can't some people understand things?" He faced Bob and Karen, hands and eyes raised to the ceiling in supplication. "I mean..." He paused, as if about to deliver some vast profundity, and, overwhelmed by it, could not. He just shook his head, too world-weary to speak. "I'd better go to the phone," he said nobly, and disappeared into the smoky crowds.

Karen turned to Bob urgently. "Please," she said, talking fast and desperately. She knew she had the earnest look of a drunk, which she was, but went in anyway. "I just wanted a drink and a change of atmosphere, and I got it, and let's get out of here, ok? Please. I don't like this guy."

"Who, Gary?" Bob said absently. "He's harmless."

"Bob. Let me try to explain this to you. He's a bore. Tonight I want to be a bore by myself. You want to go to the Bayou. Now why are we staying here?"

"Just cool off," Bob said, watching a girl walk past. Have another drink. I'll be back in a minute."

Karen rubbed the rim of her glass and licked off the salt with a masochistic despair. She knew that look of Bob's, that set jaw, that disappointed damn-it expression. And her mental persecutor sneered at her from the smoky mirror. You hypocrite. You're here for the same reason he is: pride. You were too worried about some faceless girl of Paul's six hundred miles away to enjoy what was just down the hall, and that's why you're here, sentimentally drinking margaritas, you classic dumbo. She thought about Bob, in terms she couldn't face while sober. A sensitive, shy, lonely man who hid behind that wink and his bluff heartiness, who drove a flashy car and lived in a flashy singles' complex and who had nothing much left but his flash. Alone and getting older. For one minute out of this night of shame and sorrow, her heart swelled with bitter compassion: the good guy, the proud brother

who thought she was a real whiz because she was in graduate school, who gave her money when her salary ran out because he understood pride, who offered her words of cliched, trite, caring advice. Who wrote very bad poems out of his loneliness for her to read, who always had some great scheme on the stove, some great-looking woman in the next bar. I wish I could get my hands on that redhead, Karen thought with mother-tiger savagery. I'm just drunk enough to do it, to tell her what a sweet, generous, lonely...

Now, that lady knows the ropes

"Man, oh man." Gary reappeared, and Karen stared at him as if a fish had just walked up out of this underwater mist and started confiding in her. "Women! Some people—"

"Just don't know when to quit?" Karen suggested, he sweetness just a little too pronounced.

Gary looked at her sharply, but couldn't really see her face; he apparently decided to take her words literally. "Right. She thinks I'm just kidding around, man! It's—"

"All games," Karen chanted with him in unison. A silence fell.

"Right," he said, a little less firmly.

Bob drifted back, nodded for another beer. Gary continued his discourse on life. "Now take that chick over there." All three looked around the curve of the bar at a stunning blonde who'd walked in just before Karen and Bob; she looked really gorgeous in this murky light, with a sleek long black dress and a broad gold choker. A husky, fair-haired man in a red parka was striking a match for her; she cupped her hand around his as she guided the flame to her cigarette. "Now, that lady knows the ropes. She wrote the damn rules of the game." Gary shook his head virtuously; Karen watched the woman with interest. I wonder how much older she is than me, she thought, and clutched her cold glass.

Gary followed Karen's gaze and misread the look on her face for detached contempt. "Yeah. You know, I came from a small town. When I got here, I really had a rude awakening."

"And human voices wake us, and we drown," Karen answered. "Oh, never mind. It's a saying among English majors." I'm absolutely bombed, she thought from a distance. Who is this three-pieced guy, anyway? Where are all my friends to whom I could spout trite pieces of poetry, be instantly understood, and told to shut up? Curiouser and Curiouser, drunker and drunker; the bar was beginning to look like a scene from Looking for Mr. Goodbar, especially with that blonde there. Ghost of Christmas Future...and where had Bob gone?

"You don't talk much, do you?" Gary inquired, sipping sulkily at his scotch.

"Hmm?" Karen tried to look awake. "Look, don't mind me tonight. I'm just kind of moody."

"Yeah?" he said, a nasty note creeping in his voice. "I must be imposing on you or something, Yeah, I'm imposing like hell."

Karen regarded him through a green-salt-rimmed haze. Imposing? You're not even here. "Just forget about me, OK?" she said kindly. "I'm not fit for company right now."

Bob floated toward them in the mirror; he was laughing, Karen was glad to see. "Cajun Jack, what a wild man," he said, and began some off-color joke he'd just been told. Karen watched the blonde thoughtfully, apprehensively; she seemed to be swimming toward them, pausing to speak to another overdressed woman ("I have heard the mermaids talking, each to each..."). She was coming toward them, and stopping behind Karen, sliding a white manicured hand over Gary's charcoal lapel, pulling him aside. Bob, shrugging, yelled for another beer, and got no answer to his offer of another drink. Karen was too busy watching the scene in the mirror; she was coquettish, Gary cajoling; she demurred, he persisted; he produced a card, she wrote something in it and gave it back, kissed him lightly but lingeringly on the cheek, and seemed to drift out with a tide of others leaving through the heavy-frosted glass doors. Games, he says? she thought in amazement. He should know!

"Bob," she whispered, tugging at him again, "I'm really smashed. Can't we..."

"Bill." The bar manager, a short serene-faced man Karen had met before, was pausing at their shoulders. "Bob's sister needs another drink."

"Oh, thanks, but-" Karen stopped; the drink was put down in front of her, sea-green. "Well, thanks," she smiled.

"Hon, with that smile, it's on the house." The manager moved away, and Karen regarded his back with approval. There, that's it: detached flirtation, tribute paid and received, compliments without debts. Not many margaritas were free in this life, she thought profoundly, thinking if the many she and Paul had drunk to salute the weekend. Forget about it, he voice nagged her again, but she was listening to the music, Fleetwood Mac; "You can go your own way, go your own way". Hadn't she said something like that, only nastier? And to how many others, these past twenty-three years, so that she ended up in this bar, with her brother, and fair game for this three-pieced jerk named Gary? Who, by the way, was regarding his card with a vague smile and slipping it into his vest pocket, preening like a peacock. And will I become that blonde, slipping in and out of bars alone, scribbling apartment numbers on business cards for conceited young studs? Why must we do this: why us, why be used? Alone at night, she's glimpsed the real thing, real loneliness, not this mockery of it she was making now, and she felt no contempt for that blonde- only a creeping, prophetic fear, and a dismal understanding.

Gary, straightening his vest, cleared his throat.

Karen favored him with an unpleasant smile. "Games," she said.

"Who, her?" he said, looking surprised and guilty at the same time. "I'll go out with her when I'm drunk enough." He shrugged. Karen shrugged. Jim was right. Get married. At least- well, no, at best you prob-

ably won't be sitting in bars, or having words like that said about you when you leave. She looked over

at Bob, who was smoking and talking to some tall guy in a weird Western outfit. I wish he'd get married. I'm glad as hell I'm not married. After the bloody ripping away of ties, there had come a pleasant solitude- and she wanted it now. She watched, dismayed, as Bob put down his mug and headed for the men's room. He grows old, she thought, suddenly, frighteningly sober. He grows old.

"Listen, Karen. I'd like to talk to you." Gary sat down on Bob's stool, suddenly all business.

Karen looked at him, sending up a small prayer. Pease, God. Let him tell me about his empty life and love's labor lost, so I can sympathize and even be nice to him. Let him tell me something like that. But that, of course, was not what he meant at all.

"I can't figure you out." He was quiet, grave, hurt. "I just wanted to talk to you, you know?"

"Look, Gary," she said patiently. "You're really nice." (What are you saying? her voice demanded.) "I'm just not in a talkative mood. OK?"

He looked rather dissatisfied with this answer. "Listen. I've had my chances tonight, you know? I could be having a really good time tonight, right now. But I thought you looked...interesting. So I hung around. Why can't we just talk? Maybe go to a quieter place and just talk? You know what I mean?"

Karen tried to look as though she were considering this question carefully, pondering over its fine points, ready to deliver a brilliant reply. "Yeah," she answered.

"OK!" he said triumphantly, as if a major breakthrough had been reached. "So why not just spend a little time with me? What do you say?"

What do I say? It's impossible to say just what I mean! Karen shook her head. "No," she answered.

It didn't work, she observed, astonished. The first time in her life she's actually been flat- out rude with a man, and it didn't work. Gary did not seem discouraged; in fact, he began pouring out an argument that Karen followed with a brow furrowed and amused with disbelief. He spoke of his world-weariness, his jaded experiences, his tireless, fruitless

But I thought you looked...interesting

search for a good, intelligent, sensitive woman. (Not in so many words, of course, and punctuated with a good many “you know?”s, but Karen got the drift.) He waxed eloquent. Karen waxed bored, then amused, then rather frantic; he wasn’t ever going to stop. Tequila makes time stand still. How to shut him up by explaining that she was tired, she was observing a wake of her own making, and that a rebuffed romantic was the cruelest of cynics, so just save your breath? She finally nodded to his ‘you know’s’ and listened to Joan Baez’s pure voice rising above the clink and murmur of the bar. You were so good with words, and at keeping things vague. Ah, Paul, weren’t we both? And if so, why can’t I tell this decidedly unPrufrockian character to neither dare or presume that this is not the time? But there will be time, she promised herself, catching a glimpse of Bob coming toward them. There will be time.

“OK?” Gary finished up triumphantly.

“Ready to go, Kare?” Bob asked, a little too heartily. He was regarding them with a vague alarm. Do not ask what is it, she wanted to tell him, but was too drunk to do anything but nod and grope for her purse and cigarettes.

“Hey, you know what, big brother?” Gary said suddenly, watching Karen fumble and rise uncertainly to her feet. “Your little sister here just put me down. I mean really down.”

“Oh, come on, Gary-” Karen began, though better of it, and turned desperately to her brother.

“Hey, you’re pretty smashed,” Bob said jovially, holding her up by an arm and giving her that God-awful wink: Told you I’d show you a good time, didn’t I? “Bill, can I have my tab?”

Gary was watching virulently, silently, almost jerking with hurt vanity and rage. He snatched the tab from the bartender’s hand and pocketed it. “I’ll take care of it,” he snapped.

“What?” Bob said, blankly. “Hey, it’s a pretty hefty one. You don’t need to-”

“Look.” Gary cut him off with a chop of his hand. “I’m not good enough to buy your sister a drink?”

“Sure, sure. I’ll even it up with you another time. Move it,” Bob hissed to Karen, who seemed to wait forever until they reached the parking lot and clear, fresh air that snapped her awake like a slap. Bob unlocked the car door, opening it for her.

“What did you do to him?” he asked in amused amazement.

“That is a really strange person,” Karen answered.

They drove back through the dead city in silence. Karen pondered with disbelief over the evening-- the dreamy atmosphere of the bar, the earnest, sincere, utterly phony stranger, her blank inability to either

Untitled

By Gretta Spatial

Collision is past.
The world will understand.
Taking a time we all advance . . .
Shaping my face
I see crystal reflections
On my arms, hands, legs and fingers . . .

My soul is beginning to spread
Through the universe and humans,

The amplified wall I slowly pull apart
a wall of masks.

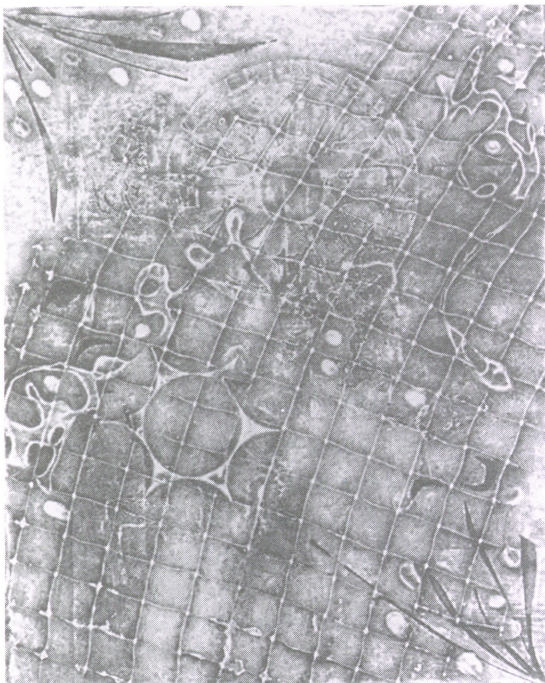
communicate to him or stop him. So what is the answer, she wondered. She recognized finally, with a feeling like finding the answer to an important question circled in notes after an exam is over, that even Jim knew there was never any end, that the delicate balance of ego and empathy would always be delicate indeed with anyone, and that it was not Paul's fault. There was nothing so simple as finding someone to pin to a lapel, to wear as an ornament, and nothing so hard as waking up without drowning, as finding voices that spoke words she not only understood but believed.

"You know what?" Bob said suddenly, making an angry left-hand turn on a red light. "I'm sick of this shit. I want to get married."

Karen regarded him for a moment in silence. Then she lit a cigarette, leaned her head against the cushioned seat, and laughed.

Art

By Mellisa Barnett



The Waitress and the Circus-Woman

By Marian Motley-Carcache

The usual breakfast crowd had gathered at the Courtesy Grille on a rainy fall morning when Sammy Dunn, one of the regulars, walked in and announced that he had seen Mozelle King the night before. The dull hum of dull conversations about deer stands and motor drive from men playing the noble savage over scrambled eggs and coffee grew silent. An assortment of heads under camoflaug caps and "John Deere" hats turned. Nobody had seen or heard from Mozelle since the night she ran off with the Chattahoochee Exposition almost a year before. "She gets herself shot out of a cannon. Calls herself 'Cannonball' now. 'Cannonball King,'" Sammy Dunn continued. June Faye Thomas, a Waitress wearing a pin that read, "Good morning. I'm a Good Egg," kept pouring coffee from a stainless steel pot, but paused from chewing her Doublemint gum to ask, "Well, what else was there left for Mozelle to do?" On second thought, nobody in the Courtesy Grille was really surprised to hear what Mozelle was doing. The buzz of man-talk resumed and June Faye yelled back to Billy in the kitchen to "change that sunny-side up to a pecan waffle." Then she repeated in an amused voice that name Sammy Dunn had just said, "Cannonball King." She laughed and shook her head, then took Sammy Dunn's order back to Billy.

Even as a young girl, Mozelle Skaggs had had dreams of making something out of herself. The Skaggs were "white trash," and Mozelle was the one member of the family who wanted free of that classification. She decided young that looks were her key.

When Mozelle was fifteen, the truant officer paid a visit to the Skaggses' house, one of a series of dilapidated houses with unswept yards that Lonnie Skaggs rented to tuck his family away for a few weeks or months, to see why Mozelle had missed so many days of school. Her mother, Mertis Skaggs, a thin, hollow-eyed woman with no-color hair, motioned toward her daughter with her thumb and said, "Ask Mozelle," and never looked back up from the hoe-cake of corn bread she was turning on the top of an old gas stove. Mozelle promptly answered him that the bus wouldn't wait for her to rat her hair. The truant officer handed Mertis a warning which Mertis stuck in the flame under the hoe-cake. The next year Mozelle quit school and married Earl King.

Besides Mozelle, the Skaggses had two other daughters, twins named Annette and Runette, and an assortment of raw-boned, red-faced boys who suffered from varying degrees of slowness. Even though they were twins, the only physical features that Annette and Runette had in common were short-sightedness and a lack of coordination. They also both loved onions, and, consequently, smelled like dirty hair and onion

The job was rewarding in many ways

juice. Where Annette was tall and gawky, Runette was short and chunky. While Annette wore too-short shapeless cotton dresses, Runette wore stretch pants and shiny nylon shells. Because of their problem with balance, once they started walking, they seldom slowed down, but continued at an urgent pace. When they finally stopped, they would wobble and stammer for several minutes, blinking through their thick-lensed glasses, until they got their bearings.

And if Annette and Runette were different, Mozelle didn't even seem to belong to the same family as her sisters. It was often suggested that ole Mertis got Mozelle from somewhere besides Lonnie.

When she married Earl King, Mozelle was sixteen. Earl had a pulpwood truck and a Ford car and he promised Mozelle that they'd live in town. As a wedding gift for Mozelle, Earl made a down payment on a trailer. Mozelle got a job at the Courtesy Grille. That was where she met Sammy Dunn and June Faye and the others who were so interested in hearing about her this rainy fall morning.

With the money she made at the Grille, Mozelle was able to order flashy clothes that she saw advertised in the back of Photoplay magazine. The job was rewarding in many ways. Mozelle had good ideas about small improvements for the Grille and her ideas were appreciated. She came up with "the bottomless cup of coffee" with meals, and she also insisted that the Grille install a jukebox, which turned out to be a money-maker. Mozelle made friends at the Grille, too, and most of them knew nothing about the Skaggses or Mozelle's past. Soon the manager, Bud Jenkins, made Mozelle headwaitress, and she liked to brag, later, that she had served up lunch to the entire Lakeview Bass Club between labor pains. She worked until an hour before Earline and Duke were born. After Mozelle got pregnant, she was too big for her flashy clothes, but every now and then Annette and Runette would appear in what seemed to be ill-fitting hand-me-downs from Mozelle's Photoplay days: fishnet hose stretched past their capacity on Runette's fat thighs; hip-hugger bell bottoms that struck Annette mid-buttock at one end and mid-calf at the other; white go-go boots never to be zipped all the way up on either twin.

Mozelle went back to the Grille a week after the twins were born. Earline took after Earl. She was born with a head full of red hair and tiny blue eyes. Duke was born with a full set of teeth and his Aunt Runette's short legs. Some folks said it was a shame that Mozelle paid those babies no more attention than a mama cat would pay ugly kittens, others said it was no wonder. And by the time the twins were born, the very sight of Earl disgusted Mozelle. Soon she quit Earl and the Grille and found a job

at the old Alta Vista Motel, out on the highway.

"What else was there left for her to do!" O.K. Cooper disgustedly echoed the question June Faye had asked a few minutes before, as he dragged a triangle of buttered toast across his plate, sopping the yellow that had run out of his poached eggs when he violently attacked them with criss-cross motions with his knife and fork. "She could go back out there to the trailer with Earl, if he'd have her, and take care of them kids like a mother ought to. And I reckon he would have her back. He did after she took that trailer, or ever what it was, up behind the motel."

The Alta Vista Motel had gone out of business several times, its main attractions having been the pay phone and the Coke machine out front, but then someone, an outsider, had come in and re-opened it. He painted over the peeling pale green paint with pink and wrote "PINK CLOUD MOTEL AND MASSAGE" in big black letters.

When some of the Negro children reported that the outsider had paid them to haul water from the outside faucet to the rooms one whole day, nobody could figure it out. Then the signs started appearing everywhere in a fifty mile radius:

AUTHENTIC ORIENTAL MASSAGE

Follow HWY 411

Air Cond.

12 Units

Waterbeds!!

Mozelle wore a kimono and a black plastic name pin that read "Geisha Mozelle King-- Room Service." It was often debated what kind of service she provided. She was in charge of about half a dozen Vietnamese girls, most of them disillusioned wives of soldiers who had been sent to Vietnam and back to Fort Benning, Georgia. Arriving in the land of opportunity, many found a trailer park, a mortgaged Camaro, and little else. The lucky ones were neglected, the unlucky ones abused. Six ended up at the Pink Cloud.

Everybody felt sorry for Earl, but he never said a word against Mozelle. It was obvious that he still worshipped her. He was both father and mother to Earline and Duke since Mozelle had moved in a camper out back of the Pink Cloud.

After the motel was busted, Vietnamese girls could be seen walking in twos or threes all up and down the highway. Mozelle disappeared for a while, but, out in the country, Annette and Runette could be seen in thongs and kimonos, waving at passing cars from the hood of one of the many wrecks Lonnie had drug into the yard. Annette's kimono struck her mid-thigh; Runette's wouldn't meet in the front. Both twins' toes and heels hung off the thongs. A family on its way to Florida almost got hit by a moving van when it slammed on brakes to look at them.

Mozelle's name leaked out in association with the Pink Cloud, and when she couldn't be found to interview, the town newspaper sent a reporter fifty miles out into the country to locate the Skaggses and ask them for comment. Mertis simply looked at the reporter through the ragged hole in the screen door as she deftly rolled herself a Prince Albert cigarette. She never took her expressionless eyes off of his, even as she ran

It was obvious that he still worshipped her her tongue along the side of the roll-your-own seal. Lonnie stood on the porch with the reporter and said he blamed the Pentecostal Church for leading Mozelle astray. "Iffen they never had a-washed her har and dressed her up that day, she wouldn't a-took to foolishness." Lonnie was reffering to a day when Mozelle was five years old and one of the Pentecostal churches rounded up the needy and made an entire Saturday of cleaning them, grooming them, feeding them, and teaching them to pray.

The educated city-boy reporter made the mistake of trying to reason with the uneducated Lonnie. The interview ended abruptly when Lonnie told him that he didn't know his ass from third base and yelled for Mertis to bring him his chain saw. The reporter didn't wait to see why Lonnie wanted his saw. As his Pinto left a dust cloud in the never-to-be-swept yard, in the rear-view mirror he saw Mertis come out of the door dragging the fifty pound chain saw; the Prince Albert hung out of one side of her grinning mouth.

"Well, I don't believe Mozelle ever did a thing that was morally wrong," defended June Faye. "Things ain't always what they look like." She picked up several small boxes to wipe under them and continued, "If somebody don't order cereal soon, the weevils is gonna enjoy an entire 'Variety Pak'."

"Speaking of variety," said Henry Moss, "I always wanted to know if it was true what they say about slant-eyed women."

"You could ask ole One-Arm Arnold," offered Pete Brown. "He was there the night the Pink Cloud got raided."

"They say he was running down the 411 trying to pull his britches up with that one arm when he finally realized why he was having such a hard time. He'd left his britches in the room and was trying to pull up a little ole pair of fuschia silk lounging pyjamas that wouldn't even fit over his knees!"

The Grille had grown quiet to hear Pete's story, but now was filled with laughter and racy remarks. June Faye pretended to be piqued and sidled over to the jukebox, inserted a quarter with a J-shaped smear of fingernail polish on it, and drowned out the crude jokes with Conway Twitty offering himself as "a man with a slow hand, a lover with an easy touch."

The rain had stopped. The breakfast crowd was stirring to go. They had jobs or sport awaiting them. June Faye, who had to start getting the lunch buffet ready, was already paper-clipping the day's luncheon special in the menus: turnip greens with ham hocks, sweet potato casserole, chicken and dumplings, iced tea, banana pudding- \$2.95.

Sammy Dunn, anxious to win the attention back from Pete Brown before everybody left, said rather hastily, "She wore a different colored outfit for every show. All of 'em tight and no bigger than a bikini bathing suit. Silver shoes that glowed in the dark. And when they shot her out of the cannon she went sailing out across the midway waving sparklers in her hands."

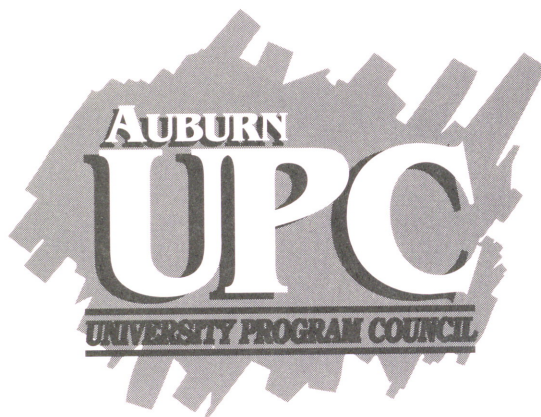
"Sounds like a Baptist rapture," said Pete, determined to get the last clever line in, as he threw two quarters down on the table for June Faye and left.

The men went their separate ways. June Faye finished with the menus and went to the restroom to take a break. Each of the bathroom doors at the Grille had two sets of signs. Originally there were only the silhouettes of 18th century heads- a George and Martha Washington-looking pair- to signal men and ladies, but after Bertha Bass walked in on Roy Driggers with his fly open, Bud Jenkins put the "Pointers" and "Setters" signs up, too. Bertha asked how in the hell was she to know the ponytail belonged to a man. June Faye lit her cigarette and stared in the mirror in the ladies' room. She hated herself for a moment when she thought of Mozelle flying through the night of iridescence, probably living with a lion tamer or flame swallower when all she had to look forward to was piling up on the sofa in a chenille robe to watch "Dallas" and Hank smelling like automobile freshened up her make-up, applying the rouge a little darker than usual, then she finished her cigarette and washed her hands. There were all of those pepper sauce bottles to fill before the lunch crowd came flooding in.



Indoor Recreation

A E R O B I C S



Monday-Thursday

Water Aerobics

7:30-8:30 p.m.
Aquatics Center

Step Aerobics

4:30-6:00 p.m.
Student Act

High/Low Impact

9:00-10:00 p.m.
Foy Union



AUBURN UNIVERSITY

1998-1999 SEASON

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH

by Thornton Wilder
directed by Trish McAdams

November

11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 20
1998

GUYS AND DOLLS

Based on a story and characters
by Damon Runyon
Music and Lyrics by Frank Loesser
Book by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrow
directed by Ralph Miller

February

15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
1999

A RAISIN IN THE SUN

by Lorraine Hansberry
directed by Dan LaRocque

April

27, 28, 29, 30, *May 1
1999

EDWARD THE SECOND

by Christopher Marlowe
directed by Will York

May

19, 20, 21, *22, 26, 27, 28, 29
1999

ALL PERFORMANCES @ 7:30 P.M.

*MATINEE @ 2:00 P.M.

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